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COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

THE Engraving presents an interesting specimen of early castellated architecture, its foundation being nearly coeval with the Norman Conquest. At present it is almost a heap of ruins; but the above was the state of the Castle about forty years since. The subsequent description has been furnished by a Correspondent; his contribution was accompanied by a view of the present ruins, which are not sufficiently attractive for an embellishment.

Cockermouth Castle was the baronial castle of the honour of Cockermouth, built soon after the Conquest, by William de Meschines, who possessed that honour by gift of his brother, Ranulph, Earl of Cumberland, to whom the Conqueror gave all that part of Cumberland called Copeland, lying between the Dudden and the Derwent. From the said William this honour descended to Richard de Lucy; whose daughter and coheir married Thomas de Moulton, had issue a son, Anthony, who took the name of Lucy; and to him this honour, together with the manor of Pappe Castle was granted by Edward III. This Anthony dying without issue, his estates devolved to his sister, Maud, who married

Henry de Percy, Earl of Northumberland. She by a fine levied in 1384, settled the Castle and honour of Cockermouth upon her husband and his heirs male, with divers remainders to the family of the Percies, upon condition that they should always bear the arms of Lucy, which are gules, three lucas or pikes, hauriant, argent, in all shields, banners, ensigns, and coats of arms whatsoever, quarterly with their own. In this family it continued till Joceline, the last earl, leaving only a daughter, she carried it in marriage to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; and by the death of his son, Algernon, without heirs male, it descended, together with the title of Earl of Egremont to Sir Charles Wyndham, Bart., whose son, George, now Earl of Egremont, is the present proprietor.

This Castle stood on the west side of the Cocker, on a mount seemingly artificial, near the river Derwent, the entrance being on the east side over a bridge. Over the outer gate are five shields of arms; four of them are of the Moultons, Umfrevilles, Lucies, and Percies. In this gate are some habitable rooms, wherein the auditor holds a court twice

a year. Within the walls are two courts: in the first are some small modern tenements inhabited by a person who takes care of the Castle; from this court, through a gate, is the entrance into the second. On each side of this gate are two deep dungeons, each capable of holding fifty persons; they are vaulted at the top, and have only a small opening in order to admit prisoners, who either descended by a ladder or were lowered by ropes. On the outside of the gates, level with the ground, are two narrow slits sloping inward; down these were thrown the provisions allotted for the wretched beings confined there, who had no other light or air but what was admitted through these chinks.

Within the second court stood the mansion now in ruins; the kitchen as it is now called makes a picturesque appearance, and has one of those monstrous chimneys so common in old mansions, and serves to give an idea of ancient hospitality; under it is a groined vault, said to have been the chapel, supported near the middle by a large polygonal column, and lighted by only one window. During the Civil Wars it was a garrison, A. D. 1648; was besieged, taken, and burnt, and never since repaired; though the present earl has caused the outer walls to be new pointed, and the rubbish removed from the inner court. G. H. B.

Cockermouth, by the way, is one of the Boroughs condemned by the Reform Bill: indeed, the ruinous Castle smacks of the association.

As an amusing pendant we subjoin a characteristic passage from a paper on *Old English Architecture* in the *Quarterly Review* lately published; the graphic interest of which we have already attested by somewhat lengthy extracts:--

#### CASTLES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE history of domestic architecture in England is still for the most part unwritten, and would form the substance of an highly interesting work. From the remains, so often ploughed up in our fields, of villas with tessellated pavements, and baths of very artificial construction, there can be no doubt that the Romans, during their occupation of the island, introduced very generally their own style of house-building; and the Britons themselves probably copied from them to a certain extent, as their descendants evidently did in the plan and decoration of their religious edifices. But from the complete absence of any

remnants of the British habitations of that day, it is useless to speculate on their form or materials. The same remark applies to the Saxon æra; for the few simple circular or square towers of three or four stories, which are the most ancient buildings we can trace in the island after the departure of the Romans, were apparently erected rather as military posts for the protection of the country, or as places of temporary refuge during an invasion, than as permanent residences. Coningsburgh in Yorkshire and Castleton in Derbyshire are some of the largest and best preserved examples of these early Saxon fortresses, if they in truth belong to that æra.

But our Saxon ancestors reared few such places of strength. Their habits were peaceful and agricultural, rather than warlike; and they lived, as William of Malmesbury informs us, in low and mean houses, having no pretensions either to splendour or strength. It was indeed this defenceless condition of the island which rendered it so easy a prey to the Norman conqueror. And it was to remedy this defect, and secure his newly-acquired dominions, as well against invasions from without as rebellions within, that William lost no time in erecting strong castles in all the principal towns of his kingdom, as at Lincoln, Norwich, Rochester, &c., for the double purpose, as we are told by Stow, "of strengthening the towns and keeping the citizens in awe." His followers, among whom he had parcelled out the lands of the English, had likewise to protect themselves against the resentment of those they had despoiled, and imitated their master's example by building castles on their estates. The turbulent and unsettled state of the kingdom during the succeeding reigns caused the rapid multiplication of these strong-holds; until, in the latter end of the reign of Stephen, there are said to have been no fewer than 1115 castles completed in England alone. "The whole kingdom," says the author of the *Saxon Chronicle*, "was covered with them, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection." It was soon found also that they were likely to be no less inconvenient to the sovereign, enabling a cabal of barons to beard the power of their liege lord; and one of the first acts of Henry II. was to prohibit the erection of any castles without a license. Some of these are extant. The oldest known, is that granted by Richard II. to Richard Lord Scrope, his chancellor, for the building

of Bolton castle. It is styled in the document, "Licentia batellare, kernelare (crenellare), et machicolare."

Many of the castles of this age were of great size, and possessed a certain rude grandeur of design. To the single keep-tower of earlier date several other towers, both round and square, were added, united by flanking walls, so as to enclose a polygonal courtyard, the entrance to which was usually between two strong contiguous towers. An outwork, called the barbican, often still further defended the approach, as well as a moat and drawbridge. Plates of iron covered the massive doors, in front of which the grated portcullis was let down through deep grooves in the stonework; and overhead projected a parapet resting on corbels, between which were the openings called machicolations, from which melted lead, hot water, and stones could be thrown on the heads of the assailants who should attempt an entrance by forcing, or, as was the usual mode of attack, firing the doors. The gateways of Caerlaverock, Tunbridge, Conway, Carisbrook, and Caernarvon, are good specimens of this kind. The keep-tower, or stronghold, rose pre-eminent above the rest, and generally from an artificial mount. It contained the well, without which the garrison would not have been enabled to hold out in this their last place of refuge; the donjon or subterranean prison, the name of which was often extended to the whole keep; and several stories of apartments, which were probably not occupied by any but retainers, except during a time of siege. The staircase which communicated with these stories was either pierced in the thickness of the walls, or built on the outside of the tower.

After the age of Edward III., who both ameliorated the institutions of the country, and introduced into it a certain degree of elegance and refinement, we find a considerable improvement in the character of the habitations which remain to us. By degrees it was found possible to associate much convenience and magnificence with the strength requisite for defence; and the former confined plan of the close fortress expanded into a mixture of the castle and the mansion. The courts were multiplied. The tiltyard, surrounded by the stables and domestic offices, occupied one. A second gateway led from thence into the inner court, which was often double, and environed by the principal living range, consisting of spacious and magnificent apartments, the hall, the

banqueting-room, the chapel, with galleries of communication, and numerous sleeping chambers. The windows were often large and beautifully ornamented, but always high above the ground, and looking inwards to the court. The keep was entirely detached and independent of these buildings. Such was the royal palace of Windsor erected by Edward III.; and such the splendid baronial castles of Warwick, Ludlow, Spofford, Harewood, Alnwick, Kenilworth, Ragland, and many others. The last mentioned is one of the most perfect examples we are acquainted with, of the union of vast strength and security with convenient accommodation and great ornamental splendour. The keep is a perfect fortress in itself, and encircled by a range of minor towers and moat. Its masonry is unrivalled.

#### THE BURIAL AT MIDNIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

(The annexed Poem was written in allusion to the Duke d'Enghien, executed after a mock trial, at the Castle of Vincennes.)

THE skies were beautiful with stars,

And Dian's crescent shed

Its sparkling lustre in the air,

When brightly fell the torch's glare

Upon the royal dead.

It was the silent hour of night,

The towery castle cast

A dark and gorgeous shade around,

And echoed to the trumpet's sound,

As on the wind it pass'd.

The banner gave a mournful tone,

And swept the tower on high;

But there were not the young and brave

To weep beside the hero's grave,

Or breathe one parting sigh.

He fell—Oh! not as warriors fall,

Amid the battle's strife:

A traitorous mandate came unknown,

And murder stain'd the castle's stone

When he resign'd his life!

They closed the earth upon his form,

The last devoted son:

But, Oh! the castle shall present

O'er him a prouder monument

Than sceptred kings have won!

G. R. C.

#### THE LATE PRESIDENT MONROE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following biographical sketch of James Monroe, Esq. who died at his residence in New York, July 4, 1831, being the fifty-fifth anniversary of the National Independence, is given in the American Journals:—"Mr. Monroe was born on Monroe's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, in September, 1758. He was descended from a

respectable Scotch family, distinguished for its loyalty and patriotism. His ancestor, in 1652, was a captain in the army of Charles I., and was rewarded for his fidelity with a grant of land by Charles II. His father was Spence Monroe, a farmer, in the County of Westmoreland. His mother was a sister of the late Judge Jones of Virginia.

"Mr. Monroe joined the army of the revolution in the fall or winter of 1776, as a volunteer, and brought with him from Virginia, a company of artillery, which he raised and commanded, and of which the late William Washington was lieutenant. Captain (afterwards Colonel) Monroe sought this post of danger at the battle of Trenton, on the 26th of December, 1776, and greatly distinguished himself as an officer in that action, in which he was severely wounded, having been shot through the breast, and by which he was disabled for nearly a year. After his recovery, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Major-General Lord Stirling, and continued in his staff some time. He was subsequently elected a member of the Continental Congress, and was a member in 1783, when General Washington resigned his commission at that body.

"After the war, Colonel Monroe was appointed by General Washington, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, and was subsequently appointed Secretary of State, under Mr. Madison, and held the last office from 1811 to 1814, when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, in which the United States were then engaged, and to give greater vigour to the operations of the War Department, he was appointed Secretary of War, and held that office until the peace of 1815, when he was again placed by Mr. Madison at the head of the department of the State.

"Mr. Monroe was installed President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1817, and held that high and dignified office for two terms."

W. G. C.

## Anecdote Gallery.

### CHARACTERISTICS.

(For the Mirror.)

#### BEARDS.

Dr. P—— related to a friend of the writer, that he was once called upon to visit an insane lady under these circumstances:—She had been placed in an asylum, believing from the sensible manner in which she conversed and con-

ducted herself, that she was restored to sanity, desired that she might be removed; and one of her friends in consequence, requested Dr. P—— to go and see her and form his own opinion as to the state of her mental health. "Try her," said the friend, "on literary topics, and you will, I fear, quickly discover that as yet she labours under considerable mental delusion." Dr. P—— accordingly obtained an interview with the reputed maniac, and after finding her perfectly collected and sensible in discourse upon general topics, commenced the experiment to which he was advised by alluding to the literature of the day, and stating that he understood she was a great reader. "Yes," replied the lady, "I am devotedly fond of reading."—"So am I," was the reply, "and no amusement can be more delightful and profitable."—"If we except that of writing," observed the lady.—"True Madam; writing, by which I presume you mean *composition*, is, I allow, an occupation of the faculties no less gratifying and eligible. I presume your observation is dictated by experience?" The lady confessed with a smile, that she wrote a great deal. Dr. P—— inquired in what style, and whether she intended to publish? To which she answered, that she wrote in various styles, and on numerous subjects, and intended to publish if she *could*. The urbane physician instantly tendered his services in order to forward her views, begging at the same time to know whether she had lately written anything, and upon what subject. The authoress answered, with thanks for his friendly offer, that she had, a long work, the subject and title of which she declined naming to him but said it was an essay in three parts, one of which was devoted to prove, "*how unnecessary it was for men to have beards!*" in fact that they were a useless and ridiculous appendage to the human face divine. "Ay! said the enlightened *Medecin*, "that is a most curious subject! and you, Madam, must be extremely clever to write upon it: I should much like to know how you treat it and contrive to maintain such a position."—"I cannot," replied the unconscious *Literata*, "enter into all the arguments I have used upon this interesting topic; but will briefly tell you my principal reasons for asserting the inutility of men's beards. They cannot be given for *use*, because they are of *no use*; nor for *ornament*, because they are frightful; nor as a *defect*, because God created all things *perfect*; neither have they been given

to one sex as a *punishment* for sin, because the other equally deserving such, would have had them too." It is needless to observe that in spite of these acute and edifying arguments, the unfortunate authoress was doomed by Dr. P—— to remain in the abode she then occupied, until her peculiar opinions had undergone a thorough revolution.

#### JEMMY GORDON'S WILL.

THE eccentric James Gordon, (commonly called "Jemmy") of Cambridge notoriety, and of whom some characteristic sketches will be found in, if we remember rightly, the novel of "Pelham;" reduced himself by the most dissolute course of life, from a station of respectability, to one of the lowest penury. Originally an attorney and a man with some pretensions to education and talent, he contrived to glean from the idle youths of the University a precarious subsistence which invariably was expended in liquor; by assisting them in those college exercises, or impositions, which ignorance, or the pursuit of pleasure, precluded them from performing themselves. This was of course done in what may not inaptly be termed his *lucid* intervals; *i. e.* the interim between one fit of intoxication and another, when he happened to have no money to procure him this dreadful gratification; otherwise his brawling and mad pranks were wont to keep the streets in an uproar, until the civil authorities of University and Town lodged him in prison. However, such a punishment was a mere nothing to "Jemmy Gordon;" the wretched man has been known many times to *crave* as a *favour* of the chief magistrate for the time being, a night's lodging in the House of Correction, being hopeless of obtaining elsewhere a roof to shelter him, and a pallet on which to stretch his aching limbs. Some charitable relation left to Jemmy Gordon a legacy of half-a-guinea a week during his life, and we believe, two or three suits of clothes; that the latter should not long enable one to cut a respectable figure who was as often in the mud or the kennel as out of it, will not appear surprising; and that the former should merely have added to his comfort by supplying him with a small, but assured pittance wherewith still to indulge his pernicious propensity still less so. Certain it is, that the wretched "Jemmy Gordon" was at the period of his decease, in as destitute a condition as ever, as we shall presently have occasion to show. His death, (oh! how

terrible is it to contemplate death coming upon such a man!) was caused by the fractures and contusions which he received in a severe fall, consequent on one of his fits of inebriation. He lingered for some time in dreadful tortures mental and bodily, in hardness of heart, in blasphemous levity, and in an abject state of poverty fully evinced by the *Will* which he put into the hands of the humane surgeon who attended him, and of which the following is a *genuine* copy.

*Town Gaol, Aug. 31, 1824.*

I, James Gordon, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby give and bequeath to Alexander Scott Abbott, Esq. Mayor of Cambridge, my body, after my decease, for dissection, or such other purposes as he shall think proper, upon condition that he gives me a coat, or suit of clothes which he has done with, hoping that the cast off carcass, will indemnify him for his cast off clothes.

J. GORDON.

#### CHAOS.

A LADY, a leader of fashion too, in a provincial town, being about to quit her residence, informed some of her friends who happened to surprise her in the midst of her preparations, that they must excuse the confusion they witnessed, since owing to packing up, she "was at this time all in *chairs*." (chaos.)

A reverend divine has been heard to illuminate his flock, by informing them, that the world was produced from *Tehos*! an error less excusable emanating from such a quarter.

#### RUSTIC IGNORANCE.

AN old woman, who had never in the course of her life taken the Sacrament, having become extremely anxious to receive it, the pastor of the parish to which she belonged thought it his duty to examine her a little, and unfortunately found her one of the most deplorably ignorant, and stupid beings in existence, with few ideas beyond a sort of vague, general notion of a God, and a future state of retribution. Perceiving that she knew nothing of her prayers and creed, he asked her whether she had ever heard that there were any commandments? and if she had how many? She replied yes, and that there were *five*.—"Five!" exclaimed the minister, "you mistake; however, tell me if you can, which be they."—"Why, Sir," answered the ancient catechumen, with a curiosity and look of manifest pleasure that at length an opportunity had occurred of displaying her *knowledge*, "they be

Christmas Day, Lady Day, Lammas Day, Michaelmas Day, and let me see, another, but I'm sure I forget what."—"Good Heavens! my poor woman!" exclaimed the horrified clergyman, "I could not have conceived that any body lived so weak as yourself!"—"Wake!" quoth the old dame in a huff, "*wake* did you call me, Sir? Ay, ay, indeed, I may well be *wake*, and so would you be I fancy, an you'd been troubled with the *ager-fits* as long as I have!"

An old woman, extremely anxious to be confirmed, was asked by the clergyman of her parish, whether it was with a view to receive the Sacrament, and whether she understood the meaning and purport of confirmation? to which she answered, "Ay, why, no, Sir; I can't say that I well do. But I've wanted mortal bad to be *confirmed*, because I've a notion 'tis a some 'at as 'ill do my *rheumatiz* good!"

#### ANIMAL INSTINCT.

*Monkeys*.—Gibraltar, says a travelled friend, is peopled with these animals; but numerous as they are, it is not recollected that for many years the *dead body* of one of the species has been found, and the circumstance is thus accounted for. The Rock (par eminence) the chief colony of these creatures overhangs the Officers' Cemetery, and it is supposed that its imitative tenants having so frequently an opportunity of observing how the human race dispose of their dead, adopt the same practice, viz: scoop holes in the sand and bury their defunct also.

#### A TAME EAGLE.

A gentleman who kept a remarkably fine, and as he believed, an uncommonly *tame* eagle, discovered it one day *picking out the eyes of a large wax doll*, the property of one of his children. After manifesting this instinctive propensity, the ferocious bird was not deemed a safe inmate of a house in which were many children, and it was immediately shot.

M. L. B.

### Notes of a Reader.

#### LIVES OF BRITISH STATESMEN.

THIS is another volume of the Biographical Series of the *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, containing the lives of four of the most important men in British History:—Sir Thomas More—Wolsey—Cranmer—and Burleigh: that of More being from the argumentative pen of Sir James

Mackintosh, and Burleigh being reprinted from Macdiarmid's *Lives* published in quarto a few years since. We quote the finely-drawn character of More: would to Heaven that all biographers had writ with such a pen:

Of all men nearly perfect, Sir Thomas More had, perhaps, the clearest marks of individual character. His peculiarities, though distinguishing him from all others, were yet withheld from growing into moral faults. It is not enough to say of him that he was unaffected, that he was natural, that he was simple; so the larger part of truly great men have been. But there is something home-spun in More which is common to him with scarcely any other, and which gives to all his faculties and qualities the appearance of being the native growth of the soil. The homeliness of his pleasantries purifies it from show. He walks on the scaffold clad only in his household goodness. The unrefined benignity with which he ruled his patriarchal dwelling at Chelsea enabled him to look on the axe without being disturbed by feeling hatred for the tyrant. This quality bound together his genius and learning, his eloquence and fame, with his homely and daily duties, bestowing a genuineness on all his good qualities, a dignity on the most ordinary offices of life, and an accessible familiarity on the virtues of a hero and a martyr, which silences every suspicion that his excellences were magnified.

He thus simply performed great acts, and uttered great thoughts, because they were familiar to his great soul. The charm of this inborn and home-bred character seems as if it would have been taken off by polish. It is this household character which relieves our notion of him from vagueness, and divests perfection of that generality and coldness to which the attempt to paint a perfect man is so liable.

It will naturally, and very strongly, excite the regret of the good in every age, that the life of this best of men should have been in the power of him who was rarely surpassed in wickedness. But the execrable Henry was the means of drawing forth the magnanimity, the fortitude, and the meekness of More. Had Henry been a just and merciful monarch, we should not have known the degree of excellence to which human nature is capable of ascending. Catholics ought to see in More, that mildness and candour are the true ornaments of all modes of faith. Protestants ought to be taught humility and charity from this instance of the wisest and best of



men falling into what they deem the most fatal errors. All men, in the fierce contests of contending factions should, from such an example, learn the wisdom to fear lest in their most hated antagonist they may strike down a Sir Thomas More; for assuredly virtue is not so narrow as to be confined to any party; and we have, in the case of More a signal example that the nearest approach to perfect excellence does not exempt men from mistakes which we may justly deem mischievous. It is a pregnant proof, that we should beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because we love and venerate their virtues.

Annexed to More's Life is a note, which may be amusing to "the curious reader."

An anecdote in More's chancellorship is connected with an English phrase, of which the origin is not quite satisfactorily explained. An attorney in his court, named Tubb, gave an account in court of a cause in which he was concerned, which the Chancellor (who with all his gentleness loved a joke) thought so rambling and incoherent, that he said at the end of Tubb's speech, "This is a tale of a tub;" plainly showing that the phrase was then familiarly known.

The learned Mr. Douce has informed a friend of mine, that in Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. The practice of throwing a tub or barrel to a large fish, to divert the huge animals from gambols dangerous to a vessel, is also mentioned in an old prose translation of *The Ship of Fools*.

These passages satisfactorily explain the common phrase of throwing a tub to a whale; but they do not account for leaving out the whale, and introducing the new word tale. The transition from the first phrase to the second is a considerable stride. It is not, at least, directly explained by Mr. Douce's citations; and no explanation of it has hitherto occurred which can be supported by proof. It may be thought probable that, in process of time, some nautical wag compared a rambling story, which he suspected of being lengthened and confused, in order to turn his thoughts from a direction not convenient to the story teller, with the tub which he and his shipmates were wont to throw out to divert the whale from striking the bark, and perhaps said, "This tale is, like our tub to the whale." The com-

parison might have become popular; and it might gradually have been shortened into "a tale of a tub."

#### CRUELTY TO SHELL-FISH.

*Contributed to "the Voice of Humanity."*

IT is now sixteen years since I first commenced writing on cruelty to lobsters, in consequence of similar benevolent attempts made in Bath and Weymouth as were made at the Mansion House, before the Lord Mayor, November 26, 1830, by Mr. Gompertz, accompanied by Mr. Saunders, the eminent fishmonger, to obtain the abolition of the unnecessary cruelty of driving *pegs* into their claws, instead of tying them with string. The effect in each instance has been exactly of the same value,—a flowery recommendation to abolish it, and a dissertation on the fish being injured in quality and flavour. &c., while the custom is still continued. But before finishing the first article I wrote on this subject, I perceived the shallowness and ridicule of making such an outcry about driving pegs into their claws, while we are so particular that the lobsters should be not only *alive* but *lively*, when put into the pot. A nobleman who resided on the coast near me, was a zealous abolitionist of pegging, and insisted, in his neighbourhood, that their claws should be tied with string; but he was still more pleased with a further discovery, that of bringing the lobsters from the sea in a large vessel, containing a sufficient quantity of their native element to boil them in, which was said greatly to improve their flavour!

As it may be inferred that I as much disapprove of the *boiling alive* as the pegging their claws, the question follows—would you dress a lobster when it has died a natural death by being deprived of its native element? I answer, unquestionably, yes; and otherwise I would not partake of it. I have even invited *connoisseurs* purposely to partake of lobsters thus dressed, who have unanimously declared that there was an improvement rather than a deterioration in their quality. The tail of a lobster thus dressed will be found to lose much of its hardness and indigestibility. The watery quality is equally common to those dressed in the usual way, which arises from the fish having been sickly and diseased. Persons inquire, how can lobsters be deprived of life? The mode which I recommend is to put them into *fresh water*—the hardest pump water answers best, in which they live but a short time. The same observation ap-

plies to crabs, shrimps, prawns, &c.; and I trust some of your readers will put their humanity into practice by purchasing shell-fish from their fishmonger, while alive, and reporting the result of an impartial trial of this plan. The horrid cruelty of dressing shell-fish alive is the same as if another fish which does not possess their *amphibious property*, but soon dies when taken out of the water, were to be instantly conveyed out of its native element either into the frying-pan or into the saucepan.

Before concluding, I wish to submit another argument, which is founded upon that charter by which we claim the right of killing animals for our food, viz. the authority of the Scriptures. Was that right given us without merciful restrictions, which, if attended to, would supersede all Parliamentary Acts to prevent cruelty to animals? Is the benevolent and merciful spirit of the Levitical law passed away with the Jewish dispensation?—or is the Christian dispensation, which says, “Be ye also merciful, as your Father which is in heaven is merciful,” to be made the cloak for inflicting exquisite tortures, on the plea of epicurism? I have never yet been able to satisfy myself that these *amphibious* fish, which we are in the habit of dressing alive, were ever allowed us for food; and it may be readily imagined that such prohibition was designed to check that spirit of semi-cannibalism of which the subject of this letter may be considered a sample. These creatures were not likely to be deprived of life, by man, without cruelty—they were, consequently, forbidden as food. Indeed, if there were no revelation of the divine will, it would be little creditable to the intellectual character of man, amidst a profusion of choice, to lay hands on every thing that has life, to render it subservient to epicurism. The passage alluded to is Lev. xi. 9, 10, 11, 12, on which I hope some of your readers will give an opinion:—“These shall ye eat, of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat. And all that have not fins nor scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you. They shall be even an abomination unto you; ye shall not eat of their flesh, but you shall have their carcasses in abomination. Whatsoever hath no fins nor scales in the waters, that shall be an abomination unto you.”

S. P.

**A SOAPY ROOT USED IN PERSIA AND IN THE EAST, FOR CLEANSING SHAWLS AND STUFFS.**

THE widely extensive employment in modern times, of tissues fabricated from the hair of the Cashmerian goats, has rendered some method of cleaning them essentially necessary. If ordinary soap is employed, these valuable shawls and fabrics are creased and spoiled by the alkali it contains, and it leaves them, at any rate, much less pliant and velvety than they are when cleaned after the manner of the Turks and Persians, who make use of a root which affords an abundant mucilage when heated with water. M. Jaubert, who brought into France several goats from Thibet, also imported from Asia, under the name of *ishkar*, a quantity of this soapy root. It is usually as large as the thumb, of a greyish-yellow colour, with longitudinal external furrows, white within, exceedingly mucilaginous, free from smell, almost devoid of taste, and affording an ash-coloured powder. This powder, when mixed with water, immediately becomes a very thick, yellowish mucilage. With this paste the precious stuffs of the East are treated, and while it always deprives them of any greasy stains, it leaves them the yellow tint so much prized by these nations. This mucilaginous powder is not a secula, it strikes no blue colour with iodine, and gives no traces of acid or alkaline action.

By careful and accurate researches, this root has been determined to belong to the *leontica leontopetalon*, a vegetable common not only in the East, but in the Greek islands, and the south of Italy.—*Virey, in the Journal de Pharmacie.*

**MODE OF MAKING SOY.**

Soy, the famous sauce for all kinds of food, is made from beans. The beans are boiled until all the water is nearly evaporated, and they begin to burn, when they are taken from the fire, and placed in large, wide-mouthed jars, exposed to the sun and air; water and a certain portion of molasses or very brown sugar are added. These jars are stirred well every day, until the liquor and beans are completely mixed and fermented; the material is then strained, salted, boiled and skimmed, until clarified; and will, after this last process, become of a very deep brown colour, and keep any length of time. Many persons have thought that gravy was used in preparing this condiment; but this appears not to be the case, the composition being entirely a vegetable one, of an agreeable



flavour, and said to be wholesome. There are two or three qualities of it; to make the best requires much care and attention. Japanese Soy is much esteemed in China, on account of the superior manner in which it is made; perhaps they have a particular sort of bean for that purpose. Shopkeepers at Canton who sell Soy, have large platforms on the roofs of their houses, where the jars for preparing Soy are all arranged, and exposed to the sun; for the consumption of this article is enormous. Neither rich nor poor can dine, breakfast, or sup without Soy; it is the sauce for all sorts of food, gives a zest to every dish, and may be said to be indispensable at a Chinese repast.—*Dobell's Travels.*

#### MEETING OF NATURALISTS AT HAMBURG.

MR. JAMES JOHNSTON, M. A., in his description of the Anniversary of 1830, says—

"On reaching Hamburg, the first duty of the stranger was to repair to the *Stadthaus*, the seat of the police and other minor courts, where, after elbowing his way through a tribe of ragamuffin-looking officers and still more wretched culprits, he found his way to the main staircase; and, on announcing himself as a *naturforscher*, he was shown up one or two flights of steps, and ushered into the grand room of state, where the banners of the Hamburgers wave from the walls, and a series of portraits commemorate at once the illustrious friends of the Hanse towns, and testify at the same time the gratitude of the sovereign senate of the Merchant Queen of Germany.

"It depended entirely upon the day of the month whether the scene which presented itself on entering this room were worthy of especial notice or the contrary. If it were still only the 13th or 14th of the month, he would see perhaps a dozen or twenty people standing in groups of three or four in different parts of the room, and an occasional rare ejaculation would reach him as some communication of interest was made, probably regarding what persons were on their way to the meeting. Such was the case when Agardh and I on the 12th entered the room. To all we were immediately introduced by the directors—each found some pleasant person or persons to converse with; and in cultivating personal acquaintance with men whose names you had probably often heard of, an hour passed quickly away. There were as yet no other public meet-

ings than these two morning hours from nine to eleven, and they were chiefly for the purposes of enrolment, and the delivery of their tickets of admission to the strangers as they arrived.

"But every succeeding day the interest of these *mornings* increased exceedingly, and I consider it a strong inducement to be early in repairing to the place of meeting, that the scenes which ensue on every fresh arrival may be seen and enjoyed. A man in his travelling dress walks into the room, and goes straight up to a group on his left, where he recognises a well-known face. A scream of joyful recognition, and a host of loud exclamations, and a mutual hugging and *beslobbering* with salutations, first on the one side of the face and then on the other, with various shaking of hands and other such gestures attract the general attention; and 'who is that?—who is that?' goes from one to another; and then there is a move of the men who know him, or who have heard of and wish to know him, and the rest are beginning to resume their conversation, when a second interruption arises from the entrance of a *great man* in another science, and another set of men is set on the *qui vive*, and thus perhaps an entire hour may be most delightfully spent in merely looking on, in studying the physiognomy, and in watching the phases of expression and deep interest that pass over the countenances of different individuals by the mere presence and contact of others, votaries of the same branch of study, whom they have hitherto known only by their labours, but whom, though unseen, they have deeply venerated.

"The varied forms of salutation too are an interesting feature of such an assemblage, at least to us islanders. Saluting among the men is no where uncommon, I believe, from Torneo to the Straits of Gibraltar, but in some places it is more general than in others; and among some of the northern, the Scandinavian people especially, it is ridiculously frequent. Were it not that these people smoke perpetually, and therefore disregard the trifling affair of breath, I should think it must in many cases prove a very disgusting custom, at least I who am no smoker have found it so. One little Polish professor from Warsaw, with whom I got very intimate at Hamburg, used to inflict upon me a regular salute on both sides at every meeting and parting, and on bidding him farewell, and obtaining his blessing, I received a triple portion twice told from the worthy kind-hearted

man. Fortunately for me *his breathings* were of the less tainted character.

"Then, on presentation to a stranger, there is the *bowing*, and the *bowing*, and the bowing-interminable. First make your bow in front, then take a step to the left, and make another, then two steps to the right and make a third, then one step to the left and make another bow in front. This is Scandinavian, and is the least you can do to a gentleman; where ladies are concerned, a Swede begins at the one end of a long room, and bows slowly all the way till he comes in front of the ladies seated at the other. Or in Germany, you see two real bowing men come close up in front of one another till their heads almost touch as they begin to bob, and bob, and bob again like so many Chinese Mandarines. An old man with a powdered head and only a few long teeth in front, a little man with an interminable smile upon his phiz,—an apothecary from Brunswick—might set up, I think, as a model of this kind of bobbing, for he finished it off in the most characteristic style of any man I saw at the meeting. He is, however, a very worthy and kind-hearted man; and should any of my readers ever find themselves in the city of Brunswick, an hour devoted to visiting him they will not think ill spent.

"And of verbal salutations, it is curious to hear so many different in the same apartment. 'Mycka Tjenare,' says the Swede,—'Hvorledes befinner de Dem,' adds the Dane,—'Gut Tag, Gut Tag, wie gehts, lieber,' says the German, while the French 'Comment vous portez-vous,' serves as a general form of address among those who do not understand each other's tongue. Then there is the mixing up and compounding of languages where so many are spoken, and so few can speak them all. In walking about in the large saloon where several hundreds are met together, you meet first a Swede, perhaps, and as he prefers his own tongue where he has an opportunity of using it, you do your best at a few sentences, making good use of the words you have still retained rusting upon your memory since you left the western shores of the Baltic. Then you encounter a German, and in two minutes you set him a laughing, and in two seconds more you join him yourself, when he tells you of a couple of Swedish and one Danish word you have popped into the sentence. You commence again with a third tongue only to make similar blunders, of which you never steer entirely clear,

until you meet some one who can understand your native language. Such blunders in such a place, are unavoidable, and you hear them made so often that they cease to afford the amusement at first derived from them."

*Edinburgh Journal of Science.*

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Of the Brave Man, high sounds the praise,  
As organ-tone or pealing bell;  
Whom gold repays not, song repays—  
High courage, song repays it well!  
Thank God! I sing! so I can raise,  
A proud song to the brave man's praise!  
A thaw-wind came from the southern sea,  
And moist through Italy it blew:  
As 'fore the wolf the scar'd herds flee,  
So the wild clouds before it flew  
It drench'd the fields, the frost unlock'd,  
And the swollen streams with freed ice block'd.  
The mountain snows thaw'd suddenly:  
Down were a thousand floods impell'd;  
The meadow-vale became a sea,  
And the great river swell'd and swell'd;  
High roll'd its waves along their course  
Huge blocks of ice with mighty force.  
The river, spann'd from side to side  
A bridge, well built of freestone good,  
On pillars and strong arches wide:  
And on it a small toll-house stood,  
Where dwelt, with wife and child, a man—  
"Fly, Tollman quickly, while you can!"  
The threat'ning ruin o'er them hung,  
And storm and waves how'd round about;  
Up to the roof the Tollman sprang,  
And wildly through the rock look'd out.  
"Merciful heaven! O pity thou!  
Lost are we!—who can save us now?"  
On roll'd the ice-flood's furious course,  
Now here now there, from shore to shore,  
And from both shores, with rushing force,  
The pillars and the arches tore.  
The active man, with wife and child,  
Than stream or wind cried yet more wild.  
On roll'd the ice flood, shock on shock,  
'Gainst both ends of the bridge it dash'd,  
And pillar after pillar shook:  
One moment shook, and then down crash'd.  
Against the middle strikes it now—  
Merciful Heaven! O pity thou!  
High on the farther shore there stands  
A crowd of people, great and small,  
And each one cries and wrings his hands,  
And yet no succour brings at all;  
The while the Tollman wildly made,  
Through stream and wind, demand for aid.  
Song of the Brave, when soundest thou  
Like organ-tone and pealing bell?  
Go to!—so name him, name him now!  
Sweet song, his name when wilt thou tell?  
The flood strikes 'gainst the middle now—  
Oh! brave man, brave man, where art thou?  
Quick gallop'd then unto the strand  
An Earl—on a proud horse rude he:  
What held that good Earl in his hand?  
A purse, as full as it could be:  
"Two hundred pistoles," spoke he clear,  
"For him who saves the three, are here!"  
And now, the Earl, is he the brave?  
Say on, my noble song, say on:  
By the high God, the Earl was brave!  
And yet I know a braver one.—

Brave man! brave man, let's look on thee—  
For ruin now comes frightfully!

And higher, higher rose the swell,  
And louder, louder howl'd the storm,  
Yet lower still men's courage fell—  
O saviour, saviour! quickly come;  
For gone is every pillar's stay,  
And next the mid-arch must give way!

"Hollo! hollo! Up, boldly dare!"  
High held the Earl that purse of worth,  
And all men heard, yet all forbear—  
Out of the thousands none stepp'd forth;  
Vainly through stream and wind, yet made  
The Tollman his lorn cry for aid?

See, see a simple countryman  
With walking-staff in hand comes now;  
Coarse was the garment he had on,  
Yet noble was his form and brow:  
He heard the Earl, he took his word,  
And the poor Tollman's cry he heard.  
Then boldly, in God's name, he sprang  
Into the nearest fishing-boat;  
Spite whirlpool, storm, and tempest-clang,  
Safely the light bark kept aloft—  
Yet woe! the boat was all too small  
From death, at once, to rescue all!

And three times, spite of tempest's rack,  
The small boat flood and whirlpool braved,  
And three times happily came back—  
And thus they all were nobly saved:  
Yet scarce the last safe port had won,  
When, crash! the latest arch came down.

Who is the brave man—who is he?  
Say on, my noble song, say on—  
He risk'd his life most generously;  
Yet for reward 'twas it not done;  
Since, had the Earl his pistoles spared,  
Perchance, his life he had not dared.

"Here," said the Earl, "my valiant friend,  
Is thy reward—'tis thine—come forth!"  
Say now, could aught that act amend?  
By God! his was a heart of worth!—  
Yet beat for a far nobler part,  
Beneath his cloak, that peasant's heart.

"My life," said he, "may not be sold;  
I want not, though my wealth be small:  
To the poor Tollman give thy gold,  
Who in the flood has lost his all."  
Thus, with a kind voice, did he say,  
Then turn'd his steps, and went his way.  
Of the brave man high sounds the praise,  
'As organ-tone or pealing bell;  
Whom sold repays not, song repays:  
High courage, song repays it well!  
Thank God, I sing, so I can raise  
Immortal songs, brave men to praise!

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### BIOGRAPHY OF AN ODD FELLOW.

*Mr. Charles Wilkinson.*

Who was ever of late years "in London—that overgrown place," as Mr. Colman somewhere sings, but must have seen, or should have seen, one of its "lions," who so overgrew all that is indigenous to that city, that it was almost doubtful which was the largest, the lion or London? Most persons about town must have met with the phenomenon I mean, and others must have heard of the Long Lawyer, (for such was his profession,) who was sometimes seen in the law neighbourhoods in term-time, looking like the long vacation personified, or like one of Chancellor Eldon's legal cases

running to seed for want of decision. He put one in mind of Jack of Beanstalk memory, and the hardly less renowned Tom Thumb; and yet he was very unlike either of those small mightinesses, though not unlike the bean-stalk of the first. . . . What could his mother have been thinking of when she bore him? Was it of a soaped pole at a country fair, and some indefatigable fellow vainly trying to reach the top of it; or had she any thoughts of discovering the longitude? What was her mode of rearing him? what his food, his appetites, exercises, and juvenile aspirations? and by what magic did she succeed in bringing him up to his high perfection? I have sometimes conjectured that his nurse must have sung for his lullaby those two lines of Milton in his *May Morning*—

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long!

and laid too much emphasis on the three last words; but whatever arts were resorted to, whatever mode of culture was adopted, the result was the rearing of as great a human wonder as ever nature turned out from her man-manufactory;—

None but himself could be his parallel!

Of his pedigree the present writer knows nothing; but it was reported he was related to the Farnborough family, and also to the Wellesleys, or to one of them—Mr. Tilney Long Pole. Many pleasant anecdotes were recorded of his habits and manners in-doors, and out-doors, abroad and at home. It is said, that when he went to the pit of the theatre, the gods of the one-shilling gallery cried out, "Sit down, you sir, in the two!" not perceiving that he was some fifty feet lower down than that middlemost heaven; and the managers were obliged to cut away three seats in the pit for the admission of his legs. At the Opera, the wags said they sunk for him a chair six feet below the level of Fop's Alley, close to the orchestra, that the short people behind him might not have their view impeded; and even then that he extinguished the prompter on the stage. . . . It was noticed that he never laughed till the laugh was over with the rest of the audience. A physiological friend accounted for this, by supposing that it took a joke some time to travel from his ear to his midriff, and tickle it to laughter. The last time he was seen at a tragedy, it was noticed that his white handkerchief was eighty seconds behindhand with the pit, his sorrow being brought up from a well of much more than the usual depth.

His length must have been very inconvenient to him. Nature, when she invented him, ought to have constructed him on the plan of a fishingrod;—he should have been made to take in two; one half to screw into the other half, so that, when he waked in the morning, he might ring the bell for his man, and say, "John, bring me my legs and pantaloons parts directly, for I want to run down to Westminster." Then the upper half of him might have been got into any decent-sized bed, and the lower part been hung up with his boots till the morning, or left on the mat at his chamber-door, ready for him to jump into at a moment's notice.

One of the nymphs who walk under the Moon without being chastened by her beams, was, it is said, in love with him to desperation, and once tried to throw herself out of a hackney-coach into his arms, but she pitched with her nose in his coat-pocket; and as he could not stoop to her, and as there was no ladder standing near by which she could rise to him, she was obliged to give up her ambitious passion in despair. . . .

It is said that he was the sole cause of the Strand being lighted with gas; the commissioners found it impossible any longer to sustain the loss of oil which his head, running against their old lamps nightly brought upon them: they did not so much mind the glasses, but the waste of oil was awful; and, as Russia looked refractory about that time, there might have been a stoppage in the usual unctuous supply.

Money, of Fleet-street, who used to shave him, was obliged to mount a dining-table to get at his chin, and even then he strained his tendon Achilles from standing so long on tip-toe. It was considered wonderful he did not unhear himself in the manner of the Irish giant, who went up a ladder to shave himself! His tailor, when he measured him, like a sensible man, stood on a flight of steps; but three of his journeymen, unaccustomed to such a perpendicular position, were said to have broken their necks in the attempt; and their widows and children are now pensioners on the master, who swears that these accidents lessened his profits so much, that he did not make more than 40 per cent. by his custom.

Mr. Wilkinson wanted to go up with Mr. Sadler in his balloon. Sadler, who had been to Dublin, and came back as full of bulls as a pope, told him candidly that he could not carry him higher than he was already. Failing in this, he wished to o'er-monument the Monu-

ment; but the prudent keeper of that long lie very properly refused him, remarking that it would make the pillar look little when his height was subtracted from its elevation. Besides, the inhabitants of Fish-street Hill threatened to quit their houses if he attempted the ascent: he might, as they had every reason to fear, bring down both monument and houses on their devoted heads.

When he went shooting in September, his friends who had estates of their own, where they are allowed to cut the timber, lopped off the lower branches of their plantations, lest he should meet with the death of Absalom; and before he came down to their shooting-boxes they had the doors made higher, and the ceilings lifted, &c. &c. so it is humorously said. He would persist in travelling by one coach, when he ought to have gone by three; and when he was resolutely bent upon riding inside, they made a hole through the roof for his head and shoulders, and got informed against for carrying luggage higher than the number of inches allowed by act of parliament. If he went outside, the coach was either upset, or they lost so much time in setting him down and taking him up in passing under arches and gateways, that they were quite sick of attempting to get him out of town; and at last, as soon as his servant entered a coach-office to take a place for him, "There was not a place to be had for six months to come!" was the universal coach-office cry. Even in town, when he called "Coach!" the whole stand could stand him no longer;—coach, chariot, and cab bolted off the street as fast as their crazy cattle could carry them. Of course, no hackneyman was anxious to take up a gentleman who bulges out the back part of his coach with his shoulders, and trips up his horses by thrusting his excess of legs through the front. It was the same if he invoked the aid of a "Boat!"—the watermen cut their inch of cable, and pushed off for the Surrey shore. . . .

He never rode on horseback. No doubt he would have done so if he could find either horse or mare hands-high enough to keep his legs from trailing after him. Indeed, it is said, that he once affected to ride a cob, but it was soon perceived that he was walking, and that the little fellow was only trotting along between his legs, as it were, under his auspices.

When he knocked to inquire for lodgings at Bath or at Brighton, as soon as the boarding-house keeper opened his door, and looked up at his proposed lodger, he became so alarmed, that

down went the "To Let" immediately, and he swore that every floor was full.

The most amusing circumstance connected with this excellent man, for a kind good-humoured fellow he was to the last, was the forgetfulness of his dimensions. Sitting some time after dinner one day, he remarked on the sudden, that he should get up and stretch himself!—If you had seen the consternation of the party, or if I could describe it; but no, it is impossible. Three ladies, of imaginative mind, shrieked as with one voice, and fainted; and the gentlemen part of the company fairly took to their heels. Another time, a sick lady was quite thunderstruck at hearing him apologize for paying "so short" a visit, when, if he had considered but a moment, he must have been convinced that, wherever he came, it was a visitation of nine feet six inches at the very least estimation. He half frightened another friend by threatening to "drop in" some day at dinner. Poor Simpson ran in wild alarm to get his house insured, and the next day the district surveyor ordered it to be shored up. Drop in he did, however, in defiance of all danger; and, after the first impressions of fear had subsided, the little Simpsons were introduced with the dessert. One adventurous boy began to climb his knee,

—the envied kiss to share;

but, after clambering half-way up, he grew dizzy, and slid down again, just as "the bigger sort of boys" slip down a ladder, or a long baluster.

There is a good story told of an incident connected with one of his rural walks, or rather strides. Being overtaken in one of the narrow green lanes by a short man in a low chaise with a small pony, the little fellow bawled out to him, in a mixed tone of threat and tenderness, "Why don't you get out of the way? do you want to be run over?"—The nine-foot turned about, and, looking down at the threatener, coolly replied, "Pooh, pooh, if you say another word, I'll run over you!"

He stood, and even sat exempted from many of the small and large annoyances which vex and fasten upon men of moderate dimensions. No bullying fellow thought of threatening to squeeze his nostrils with violent finger and thumb; no intrusive one hoped to pick his pocket—for how indeed could the cleanest of artists in that light line follow him with a ladder (without which he could not get at it) at the rate at which he walked about town. Things which impede other

men he must step over as over a straw;—such as a cabriolet upset upon a popular crossing, or a hogshead of sugar, or a crate of earthenware placed in a pathway. Stiles and five-barred gates, ditches and quick-set hedges were no let or hindrance to him: he got over any stile, even Edward Irving's or Jeremy Bentham's, — and, last and worst, he would have got over his biographer's.

There was a proportionate moral elevation in a man who aspired as he did to "commerce with the skies." He never, even in his stripling age, indulged in such a minute triviality as "ring taw"—he might indeed in the knuckling of the Elgin Marbles: he might have condescended so much as to have impelled the Torso of the Theseus through the ring; but what ring? none would have been large enough for his purpose but the ring of Saturn. \* \* \* He must have disdained "top" unless it were to

—o'erstep Pelion, and touch  
The skyey head of blue Olympus.

He laughed "hop-scotch" to scorn—hop-Scotland only could have been worthy of his exertions; cricket cramped his powers, for how could he fail to gain notches without number who could stand at one wicket and stretch his leg out to the other, without stirring his stumps or stirring from them. He could not condescend to do any thing little. He could not stoop so low as to pick up a pin, or scramble after a dropped farthing with a beggar, or fasten his own shoe-tie;—he could not afford the time they would take him.

Where is he now? Has he grown out of London, and been put into Paris? Is he sojourning in Long Acre "in utmost longitude," or buried in Long Lane? Wherever he be, if he still exist, he is, in addition to his length, a gentleman, good-humoured and unpretending. —*Metropolitan.*

## The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

*Saint Knighton's Glen.*

(Continued from page 176.)

The Knoll was a delightful retreat. It was built in the antique style—a sort of miniature Milton Abbot\*—and stood apart from the village on a wooded knoll, round which a small but rapid stream,

\* A beautiful cottage of the Duke of Bedford, near the banks of the Tamar, which is perhaps unequalled in its way in this country. How striking is the contrast between the style of this cottage and the starved lath and plaster monstrosities which almost universally characterize the metropolitan suburbs.

battling with every stone that interrupted its progress, wound in its descent to the sea. I here found Mrs. Hyde happier with her small means than she had ever been when rich—the secret contentment—and Lucy Follaton, who in consequence of her father's death, now lived principally with a maternal aunt. She was a fine high-minded girl, with much deep enthusiastic feeling; though delicate and fragile, she had a spirit far above her frame.

Two months passed cheerily away. Charles and I fished or took our guns towards Dartmoor, or went on a coast or marine expedition. My health was now completely re-established, and I only delayed my departure further west, on account of the ardent wish expressed by all, that I should wait till the wedding of Charles and Lucy took place. It had been the dying wish of her father. After some of the usual sighs and tears, (Lucy was not quite free from the frailties of her sex) the happy day was fixed for the first of the ensuing month. How delusive are the prospects of man; not two days had elapsed after this arrangement, when Charles had more expectation of following his bride to the tomb than of attending her to the altar. She caught a fever which appeared in the village, and for several days we were in the most intense anxiety; but the unremitting attention of her medical attendant triumphed; she was recovering, but Charles's marriage was of necessity postponed *sine die*. I should have mentioned before that his vigorous mind had long ill brooked the inactive life he was obliged to lead. Brought up from early youth to a profession—which in time of war especially—afforded both mind and body constant exercise and employment; he felt the present want of stimulus the more deeply now he was thrown as it were upon himself. At the period I am now describing he was more than usually restless; and an opportunity fell in his way which would certainly afford him a life with enough of excitement in it, but desirable in this respect alone. With the growing commerce and population of the district there had been a proportionate increase of smuggling along the coast. This had called for increased vigilance on the part of government, and a vacancy occurring, it was suggested to Charles that he might obtain, through the intervention of a friend, a command in the preventive service. His mother and Lucy were both strongly against it, but Charles was just now in a mood which caught eagerly at

the opportunity. A day or two before the expected arrival of his appointment he proposed an excursion towards Dartmoor.

We have before alluded to that remarkable and dreary tract of country, which spite of its dreary expanse, gives birth to most of the leaping streams which enliven happy Devon, and is the fruitful parent of her mineral and geological treasures. Wild and for the most part uncultivated, strikingly diversified from the joyous vales which it borders, Dartmoor exhibits a stern picture of desolation. We behold now a region, the apparent sport of some convulsion of nature, the surface tossed into a multiplicity of forms, deep dells, and craggy steepes; yawning ravines, or rushing cataracts, amidst an almost endless range of lofty hills, gigantic tors and picturesque wilds. Now a wide succession of gloomy wastes and barren moors—the sullen stream or the gurgling rill,—a deep solitude, where we hear not the cheerful voice of man, nor behold a sign of human habitation. To us, the rude, yet awe-impressing mountains of Dartmoor, bounding in stern grandeur the upland view, throw a vague shadow of gloom across our mind, though beheld perchance amongst the most lovely and fertile scenes in the Garden of England—even like the storm-clouds of life, which but too often pass across our memory, during a sunny moment of existence.

To this wide waste of tor, and mountain, and moor, we now bent our steps. The route was almost new to me, and became entirely so as we proceeded. After roaming for several hours along the dusky range of heights which bound the uplands, we descended lower, where the scenery we were traversing began to assume a very bold and rocky character. Here we accidentally discovered and were induced to explore the narrow entrance of a gorge which gradually opened along the base of the rocks into the hills. As we advanced, the glen began to assume features of a sterner character. On either side the acclivities formed an angle of perhaps seventy degrees: huge masses of rock impended over the pass, which threatened some day to block it up altogether. Along the bed of the glen through which we had already proceeded some distance, was the course of a torrent, the noise of which as it fought its way amongst the vast fragments of prostrate granite, that often turned it aside, alone broke the silence which prevailed in this vast and cheerless solitude. Here and there the pass widened, the sides being much lowered, and



assuming more of a woodland than rocky character. To our surprise the broken path along the side of the torrent, appeared to have been frequently traversed, and marks of horses' hoofs were constantly occurring. This increased our curiosity to discover the inland outlet of this singular place. At last the indistinct roar of a waterfall boomed on the ear, the scenery increasing in wildness. On turning an angle we emerged into a large space encircled with rocks and shrubs and discovered the waterfall, leaping and tumbling amidst wreaths of foam from a deep and unseen fissure in the rocks aloft; the outlet no doubt of some of the dark streams which run through Dartmoor. Here of necessity the tracks which had aroused our curiosity terminated. There was nothing apparently to lead to the frequent visits of the party, whose traces appeared every where around, for we could discover no outlet. The day was now far spent, and just as we were turning to leave the spot, I distinctly saw a human figure appear for a moment before the angle of a huge mass of rock near the summit of the precipice. We hailed him, but he instantly disappeared. We again examined the cliffs and discovered something like a path upwards in this quarter, but the lateness of the hour, the danger of the attempt, and the uncertainty as to the character of the inhabitants, should there be any, all determined us on making a hasty retreat. It was late when we reached home.

A delay which took place for a week or two in Charles's appointment, afforded both his mother and Lucy, who was fast recovering, an opportunity of exerting all their influence in attempting to persuade him yet to decline it. The latter indeed was unusually earnest in her remonstrances: some presentiment seemed to sway her mind, and many a bitter hour was spent in consequence. But Charles had gone too far if he had wished to recede. An early friend of rank had exerted himself in his behalf and of course nothing could turn him. He at last entered upon the expected command.

In the meantime I had left Weston, and about a month afterwards received a letter from Charles announcing that the day of his marriage was again fixed. I hastened to return, and all began once more to smile upon the Knoll.

One afternoon, the day before the expected marriage, Charles came home with the intelligence that he had got leave of absence for a week, but most unfortunately was compelled to lead a

party that evening towards Dartmoor; private information having been received of an extensive run on the coast, and that a valuable portion of it was to be conveyed in a direction pointed out to some depot of the smugglers. The case was so urgent that Charles was compelled to attend; but nothing could be more unlucky than that he should be so occupied the night before his marriage. The adventure we had met with flashed over his mind, and on considering the locality of the spot we found it was in the same direction as that hinted at in the private intelligence. When Lucy comprehended all Charles's story she was much agitated.

"Oh heavens! Charles, don't go," exclaimed Lucy, clasping his hand with violence, which she had unconsciously let fall in her anxiety: "For your mother's sake, for my sake, I implore, I entreat you not to go," speaking every instant with deeper feeling as Charles's countenance became clouded.

"But what does this mean my dear Lucy; why should to night's adventure be otherwise than the many I have already been engaged in. You know there is nothing on earth I would refuse you, but when my duty stands in the way, it acts as a stern monitor that cannot be gainsaid."

"You little know, Charles," she replied, interrupting him, "all I have suffered on your account since you entered on this hazardous—this detestable course of life. A presentiment—I cannot define it—has been pressing on my mind ever since I heard of it, and," lowering her voice, "I had a vision—smile you may—I say that in the early turn which my fever took, when wide awake, something passed before me which even now passes over me like a hideous nightmare."

"The natural result of the disease acting powerfully on your nervous system; the doctors will tell you that," said Charles.

"Nay, I am sure you will stay yet—your own dear Lucy kneels to you; there was a time when you would not have refused me this," she replied bursting into tears.

"By Heaven you distress me, Lucy; you know why I accepted this post, and that I would rather suffer death than shrink from my duty," said Charles, rising and implanting a kiss on her pale face. "But come, cheer up, our friend who has volunteered to be of the party will act as champion for your knight-errant should danger press; but never fear, I have fought almost alone amidst

enemies on the quarter-deck of a Frenchman, and I will never let it be said that I turned my back before a gang of smugglers. Farewell then my love, if we are in life we shall be back before daylight."

"If you are in life, Charles!" she repeated with emphasis, "do *you* say so? but I have done my best—His will be done—Farewell."

As she fell back on the couch, the violence of her agitation had loosened the wreath that confined her hair; which fell in rich profusion over her face and neck—a wild sad face was hers.

"By Heaven, she looks like an angel!" said Charles to me, as he tore himself from the room after a parting embrace, "there is certainly something very odd about Lucy to night."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### ANTIQUITY OF FATTENING OYSTERS.

WHITAKER in his "History of Manchester" says, "The Romans first taught us the art of fattening oysters in artificial beds, the feeding pits being first invented about 90 years before Christ, and first constructed upon the shores of Baïæ; and even as early as the reign of Vespasian, the British oyster was deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy."

P. T. W.

#### A PARADOX.

"WAITER," said a young fellow, going into a coffee-house one rainy day, "I hope you have got a good fire for I am confoundedly *wet*, and let me have something to drink directly for I am confoundedly *dry* also."

#### LOST AND FOUND, AND FOUND AND LOST.

SOME gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a bible, were severely reprovèd with a spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen that I am a heathen that you should ask me such a question?" then addressing a little girl, she said, "run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble but she insisted on giving them *ocular demonstration*. Accordingly the bible was brought nicely covered; and on opening it the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come;

here are my spectacles that I have been looking for these *three years* and didn't know where to find 'em."

#### WIT.

O SAY what is wit and resolve in a line  
What philosophers covet, but cannot  
define;

'Tis a letter at study, a letter in motion;  
A letter in flames will illustrate the  
notion;

'Tis a letter you'll find too, that pours  
through the choir

In cadence the hymns our devotions in-  
spire.

WHEN wit with politeness is sweetly  
combined

What charms it conveys to the elegant  
mind;

Quite free from conceit, from assurance  
or ranting,

'Tis a-musing, b-coming, d-lighting,  
n-chanting.

#### BARTHOLOMEW PIGS.

*Why were Bartholomew Pigs so called?*

Because roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew Fair, London; where they were sold piping hot, in booths and on stalls. Hence, a Bartholomew Pig became a common subject of allusion. Falstaff calls himself "a little tidy Bartholomew boar pig." A pig-woman is also an important character in Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*. Dr. Johnson thought the Bartholomew pigs were the paste pigs sold to children in his time, but Nares emphatically says they were "substantial, real, hot, roasted pigs." The paste pigs, filled with grocer's currants, and a currant for each eye, may occasionally be seen: probably, hundreds were at Bartholomew Fair last past. — *Knowledge for the People.*

#### THE CORONATION.

##### THE MIRROR:

No. 505 contains Engravings of the Imperial Crown and Coronation Chair.

No. 506—Engravings of the Orb, Eagle, Spoon, Rings, Sceptres, and Swords.

No. 507—Interior of Westminster Abbey at the Crowning of the King.

No. 508—The Abbey at the Homage.

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